

'ROUNDABOUT THE STATE.

Cleaned from Exchanges—Made by the Shears, the Pencil and the Paste Pot—Some Original, Some Credited, and Some Stolen, but Nearly All Interesting Reading.

According to government statisticians, Nodaway county has fifty two factories.

The Independence city council has passed an ordinance taxing the chaletauqua a \$20-a-day license fee.

A girl of 19 married a man 89 years old at Greenville one day last week. He'll die before she has time to get a divorce.

The enrollment of the Maryville State Normal summer school reached a total of 539 last Monday, the largest in the history of the school.

One of Columbia's odd sources of revenue last year was the sale of dirt which had accumulated on the city's streets. The sum of \$658 was realized.

Springfield has attained a new distinction in the discovery that it is the headquarters of a gang of horse thieves who do business in a wholesale way.

According to a statement made by the secretary of state, that official has issued licenses to 66,061 automobile owners in Missouri since the first of January.

The St. Louis woman who has missed only two evenings in five years of attendance at moving picture shows offers no adequate excuse for the two delinquencies.

Seneca, having sold more than 20,000 worth of strawberries this season, showed its appreciation in a patriotic way by boldly blowing in \$150 on Fourth of July fireworks.

Missouri had \$6,531,807 in the state treasury on the first day of July. A pretty good balance and one which shows that this imperial state lacks quite a bit of being "broke."

The main line of the Santa Fe was tied up several hours last week by a rock sliding onto the track near Courtney. The rock was 60 feet long, 25 feet wide and 15 feet thick.

With a June rain record of six and one-half inches in Maryville-on-the-One-Hundred-and-Two, it isn't surprising if Observer Brink is seriously thinking of moving back a bit.

It is reported that the postal department of the United States government is planning the establishment of an aeroplane mail service across the Ozark country, starting from Rolla.

Down in Lebanon the Domestic Science club reorganized under the name of the "Busy Bee," and at the first social gathering thereafter the club registered its approval of grape juice as its official tipple.

An active market for lightning rods is said recently to have developed in Northwestern Missouri—one that has no connection whatever with the political aspirations of the many would be statesmen in that part of the state.

In recognition of her service to the community and the influence her life has had on many successful men and women of the community, grateful pupils of Miss Sallie Flood, a Columbia School teacher, who died this week, will erect a monument to her memory.

Here's a young woman of value young man: An Audrain county girl, daughter of well to do parents, has planted thirty acres of corn this season. She plowed the land and planted the corn unassisted.

E. H. Ireland, an Albany man, claims to have sold strawberries this year to the value of \$175 from the fifth of an acre patch, to say nothing of the berries that were used by his family. At this rate an acre would yield over one thousand dollars.

The Maryville Electric Light and Power company has decided to stop work on their well at the power house, having found a satisfactory flow of water at a depth of 763 feet. The well will yield 14,000 gallons per day, or about ten gallons per minute.

Davies county tax-dodgers are shaking in their shoes in consequence of a rumor that Judge Arch B. Davis is not unlikely to do more or less Divilblissing when he gets the circuit court and grand jury machinery in working order there this week.

Newton county growers sold \$145,000 worth of strawberries in the season just ended. Statistically inclined readers who figure on the total height, piled one on another, of the shortcakes made therefrom, may mail their communications to our puzzle editor.

The most surprised woman in the United States was Mrs. Bruce of Independence, when she went out to feed her chickens the other morning. The night before she heard the chickens complaining and fired her shotgun in the general direction of the chicken house. The next morning she found the body of a negro lying dead in the yard.

The only true bill returned by the grand jury which was in session several days during the May term of the Cooper county circuit court was the one against John Sandridge, who was indicted on the charge of shooting craps in or near Blackwater. County warrants to the amount of nearly \$300 were issued in payment of the costs of this grand jury.

Norborne is certainly a town of smokers, declares the Leader, proving its case by a registering cigar machine installed in the store of one of the Leader's advertisers. This single machine in the three years it has been in use has sold 99,000 cigars, and even more than that, for it has started counting all over again. The Leader confesses it hasn't the time to figure it out, but guesses that number of nickels would make a goodly sum.

A Butterfield bootlegger played a prank on two Barry county constables and a deputy sheriff. The officers, suspecting the illicit sale of intoxicants, asked the object of their suspicion if he would sell them a drink. Sure he would, and the bottle and a glass were produced. The posse grinned with satisfaction as they saw their quarry raise the bottle to pour the first drink, but the smile turned to frowns as he let the bottle slip from his hands and smash on the floor, thus getting rid of the "evidence."

Fredericktown has a city ordinance making "congregating to drink beer" a misdemeanor.

The Cape Republic is authority for the statement that R. S. Rhodes of Advance, Stoddard county, raised a 14 1-2 pound head of cabbage.

The Stoddard county court, as decided not to issue further warrants for this year from the general revenue fund. A step that is regrettable but nevertheless necessary.—Bloomfield Vindicator.

At a Fourth of July celebration at Frank Clay, St. Francois county, a bunch of miners got into a fight which resulted in John Pitts killing Ike Crump and Joe Crump; Bob Helms was also seriously wounded in the melee.

Over the protest of the citizens through the commercial club, the public service commission has granted an increase in the telephone rates at Caruthersville. Business phones are advanced 50 per cent and residence phones 25 per cent.

Andy Hampton, a farmer living near town, had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, recently by running a barbed wire into it. The eye was removed, Monday, by Drs. Hendrix, Lutten and Faris.—Caruthersville Republican.

Ben Stucky of Flat Woods killed a big rattlesnake Monday while cutting hay. The big fellow was about 4 feet long and had nine rattles. The snake started for the horses scaring them badly.—Fredericktown Democrat-News.

Glasgow has a wagon maker who learned his trade in that city sixty years ago, and he is still hale and hearty and active in the work of building wagons and repairing any piece of work that is brought to him. The name of the citizen is John Nuhn, and there is none like him.

The St. Joseph News-Press was bragging about tall oats the other day, telling of some that was five feet high. John Tatman told us Friday that he had oats five feet three inches high and George Dooley goes John nearly a foot better, having oats six feet and two inches high.—Hopkins Journal.

The Ravenwood Gazette of last week speaks of J. C. Peterson as having one of the largest poultry houses between Des Moines and St. Joseph. The size is 36x60. That's a very good size, but Parnell has one that will "skin it a mile a minute." The George Wilson poultry house is 44x100 feet, with over half of solid cement floor.

Dr. Benjamin B. Nesbit, 79 years old, a native of Callaway county and one of the characters in Mark Twain's "Innocence Abroad," died recently at his home in Pomona, Cal. Dr. Nesbit joined an excursion of Americans to Europe and Egypt in 1868. Mark Twain was a member of the same party and when he returned to his native country he wrote "Innocence Abroad," in which he related incidents of that journey to the Old World. Readers of the book will recall "the judge" who was always making wise remarks on all occasions in European historical spots. "The judge" was Judge Nesbit. Dr. Nesbit was at one time interested in the street railway company at Pomona.

Selecting Blue Ribbon Winners.

Work in judging local fairs in Southeast Missouri has shown that exhibitors are improving rapidly in getting their exhibits together and displaying them.

Beginners often make the mistake of thinking that the biggest is the best. If the premium calls for the biggest, then we must select by weight and size, but the biggest potatoes and apples are not the best. Medium sized, smooth potatoes command the highest price and the biggest potatoes and apples are not the best. Medium sized, smooth potatoes command the highest price and the big apples are often coarse and tasteless. Weight is important, but no more important than uniformity, color, shape and freedom from blemishes. A very good score card could be made for both grain and vegetables by giving 20 points to each of the above as follows:

Weight.....	20
Uniformity....	20
Color.....	20
Shape.....	20
Soundness....	20
Total.....	100

These relative values are changed for each exhibit. That is, color in apples is more important than in potatoes, etc. In general, uniformity is the most important, taking second place only to the growing of as nearly a perfect crop as possible.

If you have not already done so, get premium lists now and give special care to the things you intend to exhibit.

SETH BARCOCK,
Department of Agriculture, State Normal School, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

The Caruthersville Republican reports as a strange feature of a recent meeting of the city council the fact that not a single fire was reported in that city for the month of June. That it was an unheard of thing, as in the past fires were of almost daily occurrence.

Fred Poynter, a young farmer, shot and instantly killed four persons of one family near Vienna, as the result of a quarrel over the harvesting of a wheat crop. The dead are Mrs. Julia Breece, 70 years old; her son, George Breece, and her daughters, Mrs. Rosa Breece Wright and Miss Mattie Breece.

Blissless and kissless is the way Mrs. Eugenia Koch Anderson, 19 years old, describes her married life with Arthur R. Anderson, pastor of the Central Christian church of Granite City. Two kisses in the last two months and \$20 in seven months, according to Mrs. Anderson, make a good recipe for a love extinguisher.

Here's a fish story that the Vandalia Mail says is true, but it might be well to have the salt shaker handy as you read it: Carl Jones shot a 40-inch mooncassin snake through the head with his rifle as he was passing a slough on his way to town the other day. He dismounted to finish the job and noticed that the snake bulged out as if it had swallowed something big. Jones took his knife and ripped the reptile open, and found that the latter had played whale, with a 9-inch blue catfish head first. Believe it? The editor of the Mail does. He saw the horse that Jones rode.

OPERATION OF GERMAN SUBMARINE DESCRIBED BY A NAVAL OFFICER

Report of a Cruise by an Engineer-Lieutenant Tells of Grim Work in the North Sea—How the Deadly Craft Slipped Out of the Kiel Canal and Torpedoed a Destroyer and Crept Back to Friendly Waters—Tense Moments When the Enemy is Sighted,

By H. R. BEYER,
Engineer-Lieutenant of the German Naval Reserve.

(Correspondence of the Chicago News.)
Kiel, Germany.—At the beginning of last September, I had returned from a patrol trip in the Baltic sea. After having a day's rest I walked through the streets of Kiel at six o'clock in the morning, crossed the harbor on one of the ferries and then a short walk of five minutes brought me to the main gate of the imperial wharf. The sentries saluted at the double gate, but nevertheless I had to show my card of identification to an officer of the wharf at the inner gate. Twenty thousand skilled workmen were working there in two shifts, day and night, building and repairing. I had to walk to one of the outer basins where my boat was lying. We had orders to leave at 9:30 a. m.

As I passed some of the first-class battle ships, I looked with pride at the little dark gray bodies of the submarines lying side by side along the pier. One might compare them to turned up nutshells. By the black letter "X" on the bow of the second one, I recognized my boat. Seventy-five feet in length and twelve feet in width are the overall dimensions of the craft. The body of the boat extended two feet above water level and ten feet below. The hull is built of five millimeters (approximately three-sixteenths of an inch) Krupp steel.

Some of the new style boats, lying not far from ours, are considerably larger and more powerful. The bridge on each boat is almost in the center of the upper deck, ten feet in height and five feet square. Besides the two masts, supporting the wireless, the exhaust of the gas engines and the periscope, there is only a rudder to be seen on the upper deck and two on each side just above the water level. The rudder on the rear of the upper deck serves as a help in steering under water, and it is connected with the main rudder. In other words, it is an additional device for changing the course and is of great help when the vessel is submerged, for then turning is naturally much more difficult to accomplish. The side rudders serve the purpose of allowing minor up and down movements.

Getting Ready for the Start.

A few steps down the pier ladder brings me to the upper deck of the U-X. There the crew is busy getting her ready for the trip. Twenty-four men form the crew of our small battleship. Twelve are regular sailors, including noncommissioned officers, and the rest are the engineering force under my command. All of my men are skilled mechanics in gas engines and electrical work. German submarines are driven by gas engines when they are running above the water line and by electric motors when under water.

I receive from my assistant engineer the report that everything is "clear for action." There are hundreds of things to be looked after. I inspect carefully every mechanical part of the upper deck, then descend through the manhole, thirty-six inches in diameter, which is the sole entrance and exit of the boat. I convince myself that everything is right here, as each piece of mechanism is of the greatest importance for good results of our trip. All gasoline tanks are at the lower part of the boat and all have been filled, the electric batteries have been charged and drinking water and food supplies have been taken on. The deadly torpedoes are in place and the gas engines and motors are in excellent condition. Every piece of apparatus has been tested and found satisfactory.

It is nine o'clock, and our captain in charge, bearing the rank of captain lieutenant, arrives on board. I report the engineering division "clear for action." We are talking about important orders for our trip. At 9:30 sharp we are on the bridge, the signal goes through, every man is at his place. The mechanical telegraph rings and gives speed orders to the engine room. "Clear for maneuver," half speed forward, we are moving; salutes are exchanged with our comrades while passing their boats. Will they see us return?

Through Kiel Canal to the Sea.

We are able to make fourteen knots above water and nine when submerged. The newest type of German submarine has been brought to a speed of twenty knots above water and eleven knots below. We are heading for the Kaiser Wilhelm canal (the Kiel canal), connecting the Baltic and the North sea. Within three miles of

our starting place and yet within the safest part of the harbor of Kiel we enter the canal and go through its locks. We are going full speed forward. Our 550 ton boat is vibrating with the motion of the engines. After four hours we leave the canal, which has a length of approximately forty-five miles, and we enter the lower end of the Elbe river at Brunabüttel. Being in the vicinity of Cuxhaven, we are now meeting cruisers and torpedo boat destroyers. A short salute and signal and we are heading for the North sea.

We begin to feel the famous motion of that body of water. Waves rush overboard, and so we descend through the manhole and take our places inside. The steady vibration and the noise of the exhaust and of the engines, and the not at all appetizing smell of oil and gasoline and also the rocking of the boat make the interior by no means a pleasant place for anyone who is not accustomed to it. The only exit, our manhole, is being screwed down and made air and water tight. Since men have to do their utmost under such conditions, you can well imagine that it takes will power and energy. And the men have it.

Our air pump for the rear ballast tank begins to show a little trouble and immediately one of the mechanics is underneath it to make repairs. He is working hard in a space where there is no room to turn around, lying between moving engine parts, soaked with oil and gasoline, but it is done willingly at a moment's notice. The captain has taken his place in the chart room, the most important part of the submarine. He is intently studying the planes of the periscope, the only eye of the submarine.

Mechanism of the Torpedoes.
There are different styles of periscope in use. Ours extends approximately sixteen feet above the upper deck and gives a very clear picture of the surroundings. Speaking tubes, levers and push buttons are on all sides of the room. From here the captain directs the movements of the boat and also the firing of the deadly torpedoes. We have three torpedo tubes on board; one in the front, one in the rear and one in the starboard side. Smaller boats have two and the newer type has four. The various sizes of the torpedo itself range from approximately ten inches to twenty-four inches in diameter. We are equipped with a sixteen inch torpedo arrangement. The length of the torpedoes also varies on an average of ten feet.

The torpedo, the most splendidly worked out weapon, but also the most dreadful, may be called a small boat in itself. Of a cigarlike shape, the outer shell, built of steel and bronze, conceals the finest and most accurate mechanical works, machinery and air chambers, besides the deadly explosive, one of the most important secrets. There are at the rear of the torpedo two propellers driven by compressed air and a dial to be used for setting the range the torpedo has to travel. For instance, if we fire the torpedo at a target 1,000 yards away, we set dial at 1,500 yards. Then if the torpedo has traveled 1,500 yards and has not hit the target by that time, a flood valve opens, thus allowing the water to enter the torpedo and sink it, removing all danger for shipping and preventing the enemy from making studies of the most secret weapon of every navy. The complicated mechanism of torpedoes may be realized by their cost. The prices range from \$3,000 to \$7,000 apiece.

When the torpedo is fired it is forced out of the tube under water by compressed air of 250 to 300 atmospheres, approximately 4,000 pounds to the square inch. I will mention that on torpedo boats we carry a small-sized torpedo which is fired from a tube above the water level and which drops under water after leaving the tube. Up to the present time we have not been able to make use of this type on submarines, for the reason that we must keep the gravity point of the boat as low as possible. This disadvantage is noticed when reloading the torpedo tube on submarines. It requires the work of an excellently trained crew to bring an 8,000 pound torpedo into the tube correctly on a moving boat and within as small space as is available for the torpedo room.

Getting Ready to Attack the Foe.
After traveling for hours we are approaching the line of torpedo boats of the enemy on guard against us and

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